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HOLINESS TO THE LORD

# JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR




DESIGNED FOR THE PRESIDENT JOSEPH F. SMITH  
ADVANCEMENT OF THE YOUNG. — EDITOR. —

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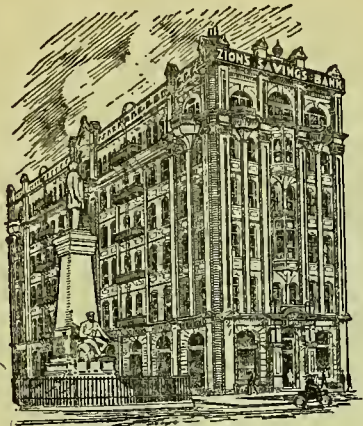


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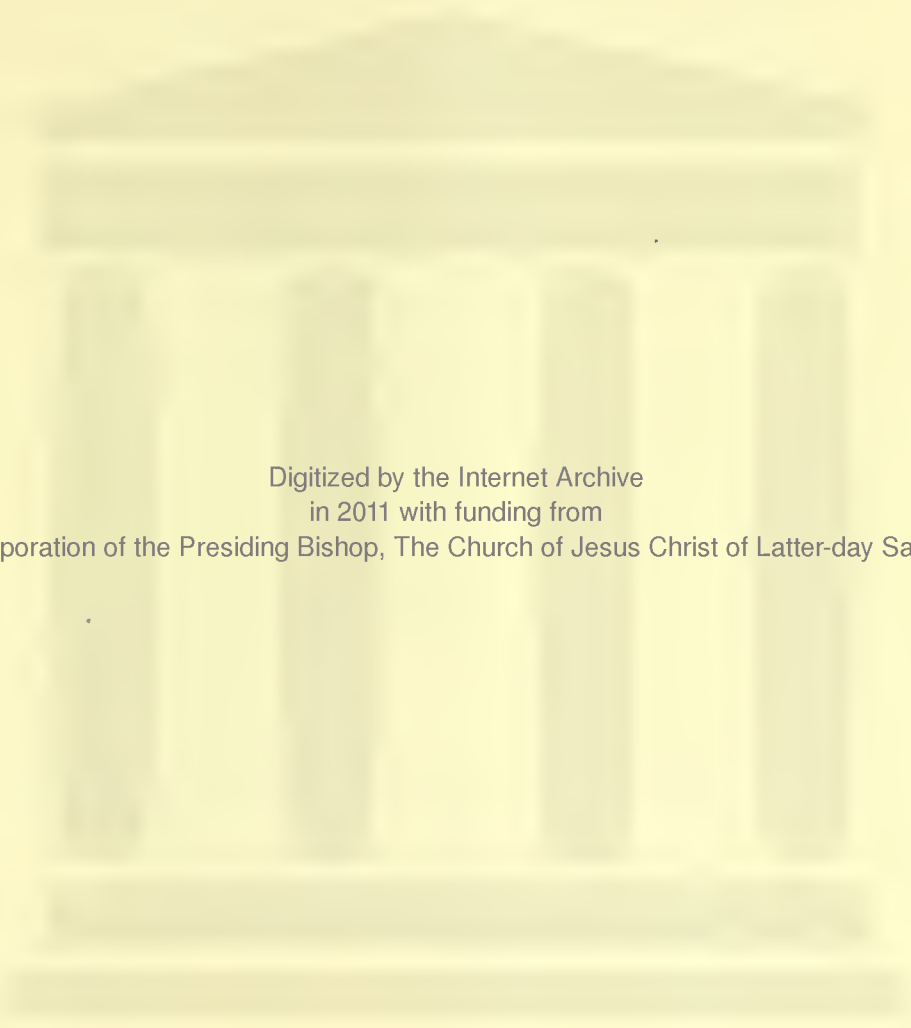
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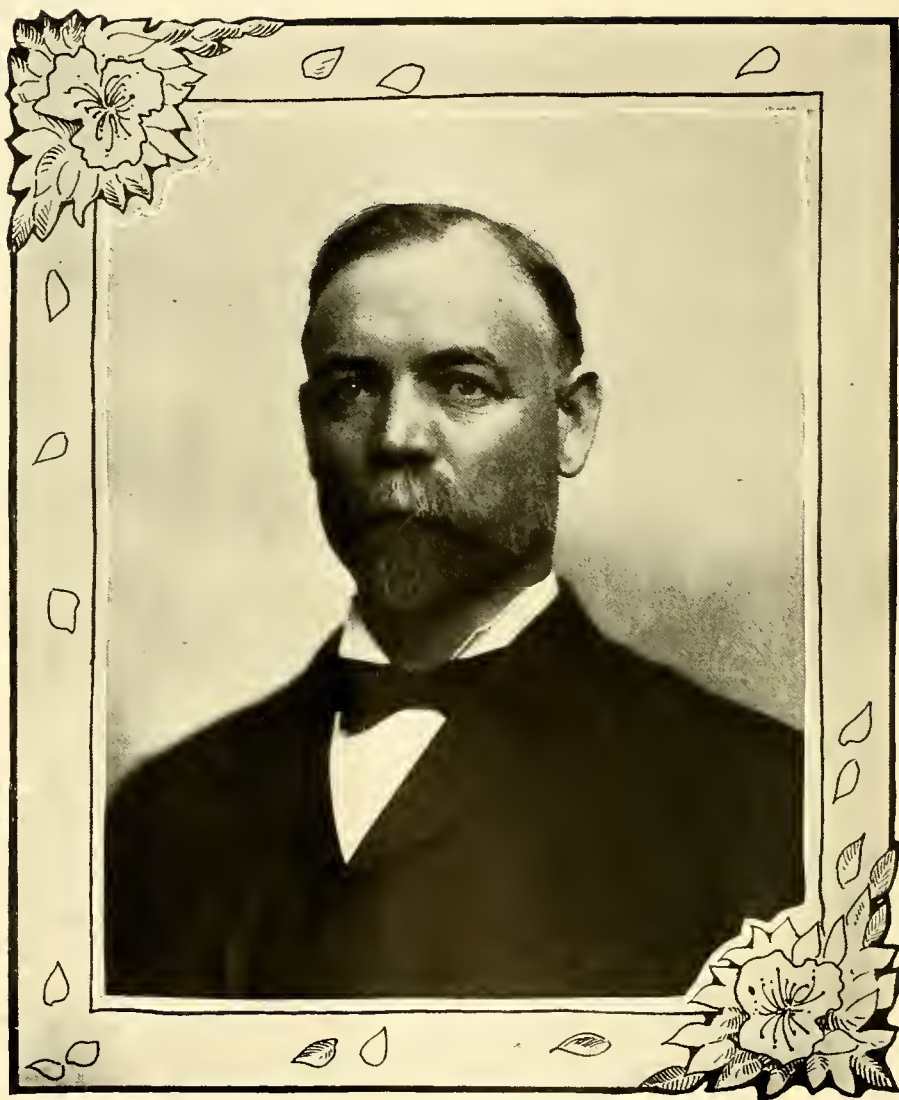


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APOSTLE GEORGE F. RICHARDS.





# JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

ORGAN OF THE DESERET SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION

VOL. XLI.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, MAY 15, 1906.

No. 10

## APOSTLE GEORGE FRANKLIN RICHARDS.

**A**T the recent general conference of the Church three new members of the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles were unanimously sustained. They were Elders George F. Richards, first counselor to President Hugh S. Gowans of the Tooele Stake of Zion; Bishop Orson F. Whitney, of the 18th Ward, Salt Lake City; and Elder David O. McKay, Principal of the Weber Stake Academy, in Ogden. These brethren were ordained Apostles by President Joseph F. Smith, assisted by his counselors and the brethren of the Apostles on the day following their acceptance by the Church in general conference assembled.

George Franklin Richards, was born February, 23d, 1861, in Farmington, Davis County, Utah. He is the son of Apostle Franklin D. Richards and his wife, Sister Nanny Longstroth Richards. Bro. Geo. F. Richards was baptized Oct. 12th, 1873, by Elder Oliver L. Robinson and confirmed the same day by Elder Abraham Rose. He graduated from the University of Deseret in English language and literature, in June, 1881; took up a course in mathematics the following year in the same institution, and after carrying the same for six months, he gave up school for a position with the Utah Central (now the Oregon Short Line) railway as clerk in the lumber, carpenter and car building department, which occupation he held until October, 1882. As an inducement to stay longer he was offered

promotion and increased wages, but duty called him elsewhere. While but a boy of fifteen years he labored as a Ward teacher and at that age received his endowments in the Endowment House, Salt Lake City, June 5th, 1876, and was ordained an Elder at the same time by his father. He was frequently called to act as arbitrator in the settlement of difficulties existing between his neighbors. March 9th, 1882, he married Miss Alice A. Robinson, of Farmington, in the Endowment House, Salt Lake City. While residing at Farmington he acted as clerk of the Elders' quorum, Ward teacher, Stake home missionary, president of the Y. M. M. I. A., etc. He was ordained a Seventy, Feb. 3d, 1884, by President Seymour B. Young. In 1885 he purchased a farm in Plymouth, Box Elder County, where he resided until Jan. 31st, 1888, when he moved to Tooele, Tooele County, where he has since resided, and where he has filled many important positions. He has acted as secretary and later as chairman of the school district board of trustees, chairman of the board of trustees for the Tooele Irrigation Company; director and treasurer (for 11 years) of the Tooele City Water Company; Treasurer of Tooele Co., one term of two years, and was Tooele County's representative in the State Legislature of 1899-1900. Ecclesiastically he has held the position of Sunday School teacher, Ward teacher, home missionary, etc. He was ordained a High Priest

January, 29th, 1890, by President Francis M. Lyman and set apart as second counselor to President Hugh S. Gowans of the Tooele Stake; and later set apart as first counselor; was ordained a Patriarch under the hands of President Francis M. Lyman, July, 23d, 1893. He has administered patri-

archal blessings to more than 350 people, performed many ordinations, blessings of children and other ordinances connected with his priesthood. Elder Richards, though but forty five years of age, is the father of thirteen children, eleven of whom are still living.

### THE SONGS THEY SING.

PHILIP DEWHURST and his sister Edna paused to smile a last good night to the girl in the doorway. As they turned again, Edna gave her brother's arm a squeeze.

"Isn't she sweet in that white gown? Oh, she's lovely every way—refined, intellectual, talented! How did you like her, Phil?"

There was an undertone of tense caring in the careless question. Phil felt it—and hesitated before answering:

"She certainly can play the piano, sis."

"Yes, she's a wonder at that. She goes to an opera once, and almost knows it by heart. But is that all you can say?"

"Look here, Edna!" Phil broke out, suddenly. "I see through this whole thing perfectly. I knew you coaxed me to make this call to-night with the idea of getting me interested in somebody else besides Bess Daggett. Of course you did it because you care so much about me, and I appreciate that. Bess hasn't just the reputation I'd want you to have; I admit it. But she's lively company, and as for all this talk about her being free and easy with the fellows, what did you think of your 'refined, intellectual girl' sitting there and singing cheap doggerel for us, the way she did?"

"Why, Phil! Those were nearly all popular airs from light operas!"

"Yes; but the words —"

"She never thinks of the words! It's the music that catches her!"

"Well, she'd better think! Seems to me a 'refined, intellectual girl' might get up a

more brilliant way of entertaining a new young man than singing lines like

"If you'd kiss me—kiss me—kiss me—  
Don't be afraid! I'd not say nay!"

"Tisn't fair to repeat those words without the music!"

"Does a catchy tune neutralize vulgarity? It may sugar-coat, but it's no antidote. Bess Daggett doesn't set up to be 'refined and intellectual,' but the songs she sings are high-class compared with

"Now, little honey bunny, tell me true,  
Why I have such a funny feeling when I  
look at you.

"It's mighty queer, Edna. You nice girls wouldn't drink, but you'll shout drinking songs by the hour, if the tune's good enough, and you wouldn't, for worlds, make any advances to win a fellow, and yet you'll sit at a piano, the way she did to-night, and sing

"I wants a man to love me all the time!  
over and over, without a qualm! There's  
a screw loose somewhere."

There was truth in what he said, but Edna's hurt pride rose, and lost her the chance she wanted so much—the chance of influencing Phil in regard to Bess. All the way home and into the house they argued more and more hotly, and at last she ended, petulantly:

"Well, Phil Dewhurst! If *you* have to tell *me* what's refined, things have come to a pretty pass!"

"I think so myself," he answered, curtly. "Good night!"

*Youth's Companion.*



# KINDERGARTEN

*Edited By Donnette Smith Kasler and Rebecca Morris.*

**THIRD SUNDAY, MAY 20TH, 1906.**

Thought for teacher: Faith and works.

Wisdom comes with all we see,  
God writes this lesson in each flower,  
And every singing bird or bee  
Can teach us something of His power.

**1. Song. Spring Song.**

**2. Hymn.**

**3. The Lord's Prayer.**

**4. Song.**

**5. Morning Talk.**

Prepare your own talk (see JUVENILE, April 15, 1905). Leading from the thought of Easter to the later spring. Encourage your children to bring flowers, buds, leaves, rocks—things in which they are interested, which tell some story, and these will very often afford the material for the morning talk.

Take care never to overlook or to receive in an indifferent manner any little gift. A bashful child will hold a flower or something which he desires to give to the teacher through the whole class time because it is not noticed. Never neglect the backward child; a kind word, pleasant smile, or touch of the hand, may be the means of finding "the open door" to his heart.

**6. Nature Story. Spring in the Apple Tree, by A. H. Littell.**

One bright morning in spring the sunbeams came down to visit the apple trees in the orchard. The leaves were putting on their green dresses, and the baby apple buds were just waking up. Some of them had on their dresses of pure white. They had a happy time, for the bees and the but-

terflies came to visit them and the robins sang very cheerfully.

Mr. and Mrs. Robin had built a snug nest among the branches and they took very good care of the five eggs tucked away under Mrs. Robin's warm wings. One little cocoon cradle hung from a twig near the robin's nest, Mrs. Robin said,

"I hope my birdies will wake up before that butterfly creeps out of its cocoon cradle; they will be so pleased to see it. Robin and I worked very busily to gather pieces of twigs, and hay, and hair to weave them into a safe nest. We had a happy time building the nest; and we shall have such a happy family in our little home when the birdies wake up."

Every day the wind came to sing among the apple tree branches, and the sunbeams shone very warm among the little apple buds and the cocoon cradle and the bird's nest. They called again and again, "Spring has come; wake up! wake up!"

One morning Mrs. Robin heard a little crackling noise under her wing and the eggs began to move. Then she heard a little voice say "Peep!" very softly. What do you think had happened?

Yes, two little robins were waking up and cracking the egg shells and putting out two little heads. Four bright eyes looked about with wonder at the beautiful white apple blossoms and the sunshine. Very soon three more robins waked up and six more bright eyes looked and saw a very happy mother robin; and they all cuddled under her warm feathers, while Mr. Robin flew about very busily gathering food for his family.

The little robins watched the cocoon cradle rocking in the breeze, and often said



"Mama, what is that little thing swinging up there?"

Mama Robin said, "That is a baby's cradle. Watch, and you will see the baby wake up and crawl out soon. That baby learns to fly very quickly. When your wings have grown stronger and your feathers have grown longer, I will teach you how to fly." That made the little robins very glad, for they wanted to fly like Mother Robin.

As they watched the cocoon one morning they saw a little head peep out, and then—what do you think they saw next? Yes, a beautiful butterfly, with golden-brown wings. They wanted to fly up to the butterfly, but they had not yet learned how to use their wings.

Mother Robin said, "Tomorrow the big tree wants everyone to come to a party. Birds and bees are coming to sing; butterflies are coming, and the violets, buttercups and snowdrops that live down in the grass under the tree will be there, too, with their smiling faces. You may fly down there to see them. Oh! we shall have a happy time."

The little birdies were so glad and talked so fast that they were not at all sleepy that night. They wanted the morning to come quickly. The next morning they were awake very early; the wind carried all the invitations, and when all the guests were gathered at the big apple tree, he played some soft music. Everyone tried to make the others happy. The birdies sang and the flowers smiled. When the little robins succeeded in using their wings as Mother Robin showed them how to do, they flew down among the flowers and spent a very happy day, and thought it a very beautiful world all about them.

The next day the wind took off the baby apples' white dresses, because the baby apples had now become large enough to wear their green work dresses.

The Tree said, "This reminds me of the

party we had last autumn. All the leaves put on their golden, yellow and brown dresses. The leaves had worked very busily and every baby bud was wrapped up safe and warm in its little brown blanket."

The Tree had said, "Catch all the sunbeams that you can to tuck in among the blankets, for the baby buds must sleep in these cradles all the long, cold winter, and I will stay here to take care of them."

Then the wind came flying by and sang, "Come little leaves, come with me; this is the way." Then every leaf let go the tree and flew away, saying, "Good by, dear tree." They had a happy play, and then went fast asleep in their warm bed under the tree.

(Have a cocoon and a spray of apple blossoms to show the children and talk about.)

#### 7. Rest Exercise. Choose a Sense Game.

#### 8. Bible Story. II Kings 18-20 chapters.

Ever so many years ago there was a king named Hezekiah, and he lived in Jerusalem, that city where Jesus talked with the wise men in the temple when He was twelve years old.

All the other kings who lived when Hezekiah did had turned away from the Lord, and had made strange things which they could see and touch, out of wood, stone and brass, to pray to. These strange things they called gods or images.

Hezekiah would not pray to any image. He loved the true God—our Father in heaven—and he did that which was right in the sight of the Lord. He broke down the images in his kingdom, so that his people could not pray to them, and he taught his people to worship the Lord and to keep His commandments. So the Lord blessed King Hezekiah and answered his prayers.

At one time King Hezekiah was very sick and the Prophet Isaiah was sent by the Lord to tell the king to put his house in order and prepare to die, for the



Lord wanted him. Then the king turned his face to the wall and prayed. "I beseech thee, O Lord," he said, "remember now how I have walked before thee in truth, and with a perfect heart, and have done that which is good in thy sight;" and then he cried very hard.

The Lord heard the king's prayer, and as the Prophet Isaiah was leaving the house the Lord spoke to him and told him to go back to Hezekiah and tell him that his prayer was heard and that his tears had been seen, and that he should get well and live for fifteen years longer. So Hezekiah's prayers were answered and his works were pleasing in the sight of his Heavenly Father, and he reigned as the king of Judah for twenty-nine years.

#### 9. Children's Period.

#### 10. Closing song and prayer. March Out.



#### FOURTH SUNDAY, MAY 27TH, 1906.

Thrice welcome, kindly spring,  
With the myriad gifts you bring!  
Not too hot nor yet too cold,  
Graciously your charms unfold—  
Heaven smiles down on earth, and then  
Earth smiles up to heaven again!

#### 1. Song. Good Morning to the Sunshine Bright.

#### 2. Hymn. We Plow the Fields.

#### 3. The Lord's Prayer.

#### 4. Song. Choose.

Take a little time to practice songs. If you do not know *and sing* the song, "Who Taught the Little Birds?" (see JUVENILE, May 1, 1905, page 278,) it would be well to learn it, as it is a beautiful song.

#### 5. Morning Talk.

Prepare your own talk. (See JUVENILE, May 1, 1905, also April 15, 1905.)

#### 6. Bird Story

"My dear," said Papa Robin to his

mate one fine bright morning, "what has become of that dear little girl who so often gave us our breakfast a short time ago?"

"Why," said Mama Robin, "don't you know that she has been very sick? I heard her mother tell someone about it the other day. There she is now, sitting in an arm-chair by the window. Poor child! How pale she looks!"

And Mr. and Mrs. Robin, who lived in the apple tree by the window, looked in at her pityingly.

"She must be very lonesome sitting there by herself all day long," said Papa Robin. "We really must try to cheer her up a bit. But what can we do?"

"I have an idea," said Mama Robin, and after whispering a few words to Papa Robin, away she flew to consult Mr. Sparrow, who lived under the eaves of the house.

"Just the thing," said Mr. Sparrow, in his cheerful voice, when the plan had been unfolded to him. "I shall be glad to help, for I love little Marie, too. But, you see, my voice is not of the best for concert singing, so I'll do my part by going about among our friends and neighbors and getting them interested. You may look for us tomorrow morning about five o'clock. So Papa and Mama Robin flew away home feeling sure that their plan would be a success, for they knew Mr. Sparrow would do his part heartily and well.

Meanwhile Mr. Sparrow set out on his errand. He went first to Mr. Woodpecker, who lived in the woods near by. "Yes, indeed," said he, "I shall be glad to help. Have you asked Friend Oriole?"

"Not yet," said Mr. Sparrow, "but I intend to."

Mr. Oriole promised to come, so did Dr. Bluebird, Prof. Thrush, Bob White, Jack Chickadee, Master Catbird, and Mr. Sparrow's distinguished cousin, who is called the White-throated Sparrow because he wears a white necktie.

Little Marie went to bed that night,

wishing, oh, so much, that she might be able to go out a little tomorrow. She hoped that she might feel strong enough, and, whispering a little prayer to her Heavenly Father that it might be so, she fell asleep.

By and by it seemed to her as if someone sang, "Wake up! Wake up!" She sat up in bed and listened. There—someone did really sing it?—but who? If she could have looked into the apple tree she would have seen that it was Mr. Woodpecker, who, dressed in his black and white suit with his scarlet cap, was singing his sweetest to wake her. Mr. Sparrow, who was perched on the window sill, saw that Marie was awake as he gave the signal to Prof. Thrush; and oh! the melody that came from that brown-coated, modest little person! I cannot describe it to you, but his song was so lovely that Marie almost held her breath while she listened. After he had finished, Dr. Bluebird and Bob White sang a duet.

"Oh!" said Marie to herself, "isn't that lovely? I do believe the birds are having a concert in our old apple tree." Then she listened, and soon she heard Mr. Oriole singing his "Hey, chicker-way, chicker-way, chew." Next came Mr. and Mrs. Robin, who sang, "Cheer up, cheer-y, cheer-y, cheer up," just as plainly as could be, and Marie knew that they were singing it to her. Then they sang a chorus in which Jack Chickadee, White-throated Sparrow and Master Catbird joined; this ended the concert.

"Just look at the child," whispered Mr. Sparrow to the others; and they all peeped at Marie. Her cheeks were pink, and she was smiling.

"Why, my darling," said her mother as she came into the room, "you look so much better that I believe I can put your chair out under the apple tree for a little while today."

"Oh, mama," said Marie, "I am so

glad! Perhaps I shall see some of the little birds who have been singing so sweetly. Didn't you hear them? It seemed as if they were telling me to wake up."

Then the little birds flew away to find their breakfast, feeling just as happy as could be at the success of their concert.

They did not forget the little girl, either, during the day, and now and then Dr. Bluebird would sing his "hear me," and Bob White sound his cheerful whistle as they flew by the house. And I know that never a bird living near Marie's doorstep ever went hungry. If he did, it was his own fault.

#### 7. Rest Exercise. Choose or learn the following:

##### I.

Little brown sparrows, flying around,  
Up in the treetops, down on the ground;  
Come to my window, dear sparrows, come,  
See! I will give you many a crumb.

(Let fingers be the sparrows flying; raise arms and bring hands together to make windows; let left hand be dish of crumbs; scatter with right hand.)

##### II.

Here is some water, sparkling and clear;  
Come, little sparrows, drink without fear.  
If you are tired, here is a nest,  
Wouldn't you like to come here and rest?

(Suit action to words.)

##### III.

All the brown sparrows flutter away,  
Chirping and singing, "We cannot stay,"  
For in the treetops, 'mong the gray boughs,  
There is the sparrow's snug little house.

(Finger-play Book, page 49.)

#### 8. Bible Story.

Review one story of the month.

#### 9. Children's Period.

#### 10. Closing Song and prayer. March out.

FIRST SUNDAY, JUNE 3RD, 1906.

Thought for teacher: Courage.

#### 1. Song—Easter Song.

**2. Hymn.**

"A Morning's Thanksgiving," JUVENILE, April 15, 1906.

**3. The Lord's Prayer.****4. Song—Bird Song.****5 Morning Talk.**

Prepare your talk, see JUVENILE, May 15, 1905, for suggestions.

**6. Story.****7. Bible Story.**

In the Bible we are told of a man named Saul, who did everything he could to persecute or hurt those who believed in Jesus Christ. Once when he was going on a journey he went to the high priest, who was not a friend of Christ's, and asked for the right to bind anyone that he found who believed in Jesus or who taught His Gospel, so he could send them to be put into prison in Jerusalem.

As he journeyed he came near a city called Damascus, and suddenly a bright light came from heaven; Saul fell to the ground, and then heard a voice saying, "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?" And he answered, "Who art thou, Lord?" And the Lord said, "I am Jesus, whom thou persecutest."

Saul trembled, but asked, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" And then the Lord told him to arise and go into the city and there he would be told what to do.

The men traveling with Saul could not speak, they were so astonished at hearing a voice and seeing no one but themselves.

When Saul arose from the ground he could not see anything, so the men with him took him by the hand, and led him into the city, and for three days he was blind and did not eat nor drink, but prayed all the time.

In the city there was a good man who

was a disciple of Christ. This man's name was Ananias. On the third day that Saul had been blind the Lord spoke to Ananias and told him to go to the place where Saul was, and to put his hands on Saul's head and bless him that he might receive his sight again. When we are sick the Elders administer to us and ask the Lord to make us well.

Ananias listened to the Lord and then he answered that many people had told him what a bad man this Saul was, and how he persecuted those who believed in Jesus Christ and tried to obey his teachings; but the Lord said, "Go thy way, for he is a chosen vessel unto me, to bear my name before the Gentiles and kings and the children of Israel. (Explain in your own words.)

So Ananias went to Saul and blessed him, and the Lord heard their prayers. Saul received his sight, and then he went and was baptized.

After having something to eat he felt strong again. He stayed with the Saints in that city for a long time and preached to the people and taught them concerning Jesus Christ.

Some of the people who heard him were astonished, and they said one to another, "Is this not Saul who destroyed all who called on the name of Christ?" And some of the wicked men tried to kill him, but the Lord blessed Saul, and all the rest of his life he worked for the Lord, preaching and teaching the people how to live as Jesus taught them to do.

**8. Rest Exercise.**

Smelling game, with two or three flowers.

**9. Children's Period.****10 Closing Song.**



## A BETTER PHYSICAL WOMANHOOD.

THE increasing demand for gymnasiums, for physical culture for our boys and girls gives rise to some inquiries respecting the reasons for a physical training that did not seem so necessary years ago. The good health of the people cannot be too greatly valued, and the physical condition of the mothers in Israel is a subject of special interest at this time. Any decline in the vital status of the people should be met with such remedies as will prove most effectual in re-establishing a more vigorous manhood and womanhood.

One remedy is worthy of special mention, and that is the value of the sunshine and the soil to the physical well being of all God's children. Our luxuries are robbing us of our vitality, and they are telling against the physical happiness of life by substituting a daintiness for robustness. Mothers who lock themselves up year after year in their so-called "comfortable homes" are robbing themselves of the vigor that more of an open air life would give them. It is not necessary that our wives and daughters should work on the farm, but some out-door life would certainly be helpful to them. There are no sound reasons why a woman may not work in a flower garden, or raise vegetables, or devote some time to fruit growing. It is a silly affectation which regards some of this outdoor life as inconsistent with the mission of women. Whatever good the gymnasium may accomplish, and its advantages are not here belittled, it is certainly not a substitute for the sun and soil. There is nothing in the garden which requires greater physical exertion than the cross bar or the rings in a gymnasium.

It is to be feared that the aversion to the garden is largely a matter of sentiment, that our mothers and daughters are sometimes afraid of soiling their fingers. A little educational sentiment in favor of nature would be a healthful sign of improved vi-

talidity. One of the greatest needs of our time is the supply of young men whose instincts, as well as their training, fit them for the work of the garden and the farm. If mothers were interested in plant life, studied it and worked with it till they learned to love it—love it as well as they do a dainty dress—their children would take to the soil and to nature as instinctively as they do to the newest styles. Recent progress along the lines of agriculture and horticulture makes the study of these subjects both useful and entertaining.

It is to be feared that extravagant notions about good housekeeping stand in the way of those healthful exercises that come from out-door life. A little of the clean dirt in the vegetable, fruit, or flower gardens will not do the children any more harm than they would do their mothers. Women might with perfect propriety take a little license in spring and summer and substitute a part of the time in the garden for the parlor, or sitting room. Even the kitchen might occasionally be neglected. The sun and soil will do more for the health of the home than much of the food housekeepers waste time in preparing.

Every home should be emptied, if possible, for an hour or two each day at the call of spring, and for the companionship of summer. The home should not be a prison house, even for those who willingly accept its "voluntary servitude." The home, as a matter of fact, will not be neglected by more out door life of mothers and daughters. They will bring to it greater energy and enjoyment after communion every day with nature. As a matter of fact, the slavish "devotion" to the home is rapidly unfitting women for assuming its duties. They must have help, for it has made them too delicate for its work. It may seem too much to say, and yet there is truth in the assertion, that women could

keep their homes better if they kept their gardens well.

Let the sisters, as well as the men, abandon the home in proper season and in reason for a happier and healthier out door life. Such observance of the laws of life can do no harm to the cleanliness of the

home nor to the health of its children. By observing the beauties and the economy of nature, women might carry into the home some helpful lessons, for women are fitted by that which is peculiar to them to read the lessons of the more delicate ways of nature better than men.

### ERFURT IN PRUSSIA.



ERFURT is a very ancient town on the Gera. It has a population of about seventy-five thousand inhabitants and was a fortress down to 1873.

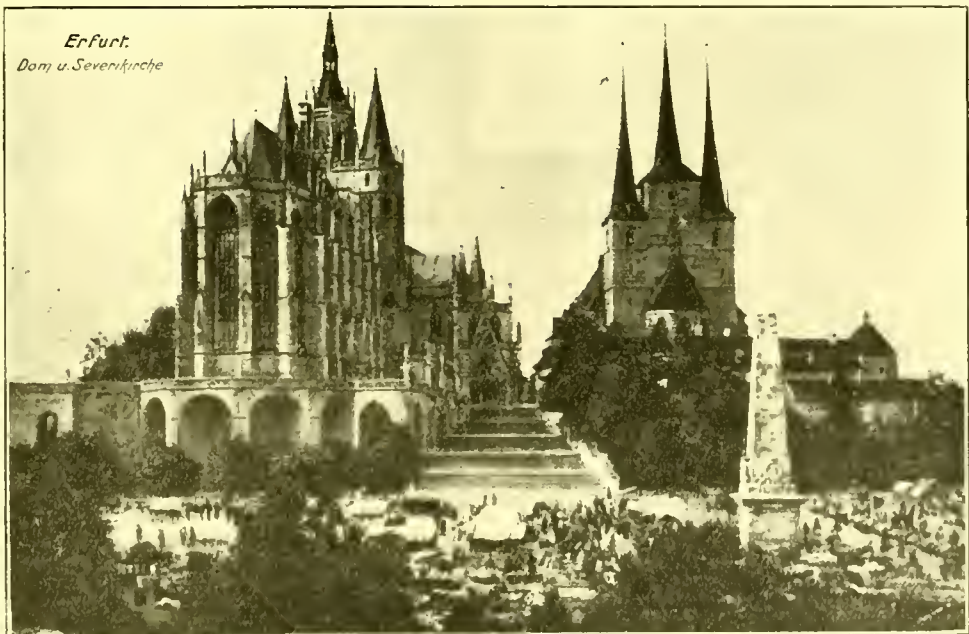
It possesses several handsome Gothic churches and many private dwelling houses of the 16th and 17th centuries.

Erfurt is spoken of as a fortified agricultural settlement as early as the time of St. Boniface, 741 A. D. St. Boniface was the English apostle of this district.

Henry the Lion, Duke of Saxony, made his submission to Emperor Frederick I. here in 1181.

In the 14th and 15th century, Erfurt was a member of the Hanseatic League. Later it became part of the Electorate of Mayence. In 1802 it was annexed to Prussia. From 1806-1814, it was under French rule, but was afterwards finally restored to Prussia.

The university founded in 1392, and suppressed in 1816, was one of the chief of the Humanists, at the time of the Reformation.



ERFURT CATHEDRAL.

We had sent cards ahead (no Elders stationed there) to some of the Saints whom Elder Alder knew. He had labored there, and been banished some ten months before. But as no one came to meet us, we walked through the "Auger," a principal street, past the post office, the military headquarters (Erfurt has about twenty-five thousand soldiers) and the Luther Monument. The Auger is a broad street planted with many trees. It was quite a walk to the sister's house, and on reaching it we found she was out, but as her door was open (others answered the front door bell) we concluded she was not far away, so we spent some time leisurely wandering among the graves of the untold dead, soldiers of Napoleon, who sleep so far away from sunny France. They are buried on the outskirts of the town, and there is a thoroughfare through them that leads into the business quarter of Erfurt.

How many such uncared for graves there are in Germany! How many lives were sacrificed that ambition might be more firmly entrenched on its throne, to wield more and more of earthly power! The French officers' names look strangely among the German dead, while graves of the privates are only numbered.

The Cathedral is erected on a massive substructure, called the "Cavaten." The naves and aisles of the Cathedral date from 1456-72. It was begun after the middle of the 13th century, on the site of an older edifice. It is near the entrance of the town, and is of a peculiar imposing appearance, due somewhat to its elevation above the busy mart. The edifice, much damaged by fires and sieges at various times, was restored in 1845-70. The west facade, which is approached by a flight of wide steps, is adorned by a large figure of the Virgin, in mosaic on a gold ground.

The steps are in the centre parts and towers of the building arise on either side. Having ascended the steps, we find a pave-

ment nearly all around the upper structure which forms the flat roof of the under part at the principal entrance, over the arched door are figures of the Twelve Apostles, six on either side. The view is a fine one and all these surroundings afford a subject for reflection. On one side some fine trees are growing, on the other, is the keeper's lodge, where tickets must be purchased to ascend the belfry towers, which date to the early 13th century and contain ten bells, the largest of which (Maria Gloriosa) weighs upwards of thirteen tons. The towers are gained by an ascent of two hundred and sixty steps. The interior of the Cathedral is of quaint design and is very costly.

The coronation of the Virgin and a curious painting of 1534, representing the Transubstantiation are noticeable. Before the figure of St. Christopher, in oil, bearing date of 1499, is a tombstone of a Count von Gleicher and his two wives of Erfurt in the 13th century.

In the Choir is fine stained glass of the 14th century. The Cloisters are of beautiful design, partly Romanesque, and partly Gothic. On descending the steps of the Cathedral we were met by two of the sisters, and what a time of rejoicing it was.

They accompanied us to the Rath Haus, or municipal building. The paintings on the walls of this building are noted, and are mentioned among works of art.

From here we visited the flower gardens and the Palmengarten. Erfurt is noted for its fine vegetable gardens and its beautiful flowers. These are perhaps its chief industries, acres of flowers of every kind, are nearly all around the city, so that Erfurt looks to be built in a field of flowers, the other gardens being farther away.

It was a long walk to the Palmengarten, which seems to be in a forest of flowers, among them the tobacco plant was in strong evidence, near to the building.

The Palmengarten is quite a fine one,



containing many choice flowers and plants both native and from every land. The palm trees attain a great height, so that the glass domes in the building must be high enough to admit of their growth.

The sisters told us the story of everything we visited, which made it very interesting. On our return walk they insisted that we should have coffee (barley) and kuchen with them before we left, all the time talking as only Germans can talk.

While partaking of the kuchen (cake) they talked of the days when Elder Alder labored there, and how they wept when he was banished. In the Rath Haus, they talked so loudly of it that we must needs chide them. But that is the German heart, gushing and overflowing with love, for those who are sent to them.

How beautiful this is when contrasted with the coldness of the world, and how much of worth!

In this city the church towers and bell-frys are oft-times built a block or more away from the churches.

"Where is the church?" I inquired, when the bell in a large, square tower, built on a corner of the street, began to ring for church.

"O, it is around the corner on the other street," was the answer. And true enough we soon came to it, and entering, (there was no one to say nay) found it a church and an orphan asylum. When we met the

folks inside they spoke kindly (Guten Tag) and we rambled about at will. Houses were built over a running stream in this part of the town. They looked very nice arched over the water, in fact they looked like a marvel, but the scene possessed no charm for us for a home. Perhaps the constant swishing of the water lulls their inmates to sleep, perhaps they are happy there, who can tell?

The Government Buildings formerly the palace of the governors appointed by the electors of Mayence, were occupied by Napoleon in 1808, who convened a Congress of reigning princes here. In the square in front of them, called the Hirschgarten, a handsome monument stands, in memory of the wars of 1866, and 1870-71.

These all tend to keep the war spirit alive and inspire it in the hearts of the young. So much honor, so many wreaths of golden flowers, so many evidences of victory are ever before their eyes. Then every Todenfest (Decoration day) the graves of the soldier dead are covered with wreaths of real flowers. Those looking on think it a grand thing, so the spirit of war is fed.

The Augustus Monastery now an orphan asylum, contains the cell of Luther who was a monk here in 1505-8, but nearly all reminiscences of the great reformer were destroyed by fire in 1872.

*Lydia D. Alder.*

### SMILES.

ONE day Mr. Jellaby had his twin babies down-town, tucked in their double-ended carriage, facing each other, with only their little round faces showing out of the blanket. A boy caught sight of the babies, and he cried in astonishment, "O mama, look quick! There is a baby with a head on both ends."

A negro was complaining that his wife kept asking him for money.

"It is money, money, all the time," he said.

"What does she do with all the money?" asked an innocent bystander.

"Don't know," was the reply, "haint nebber gib her none yet."

## CARDSTON, CANADA.

### II.



RESIDENT Charles Ora Card, and such persons as Elders John A. Woolf, Henry Hinman, J. A. Hammer, J. E. Lane, and others certainly "buildd better than they knew." President Card was the first stake president of Alberta. He was patriotic, broadminded, and generous. He certainly might have done better for himself than he did. His pioneer efforts made it possible for others to reap a rich harvest. Today, broken down, largely by the hardships of pioneer life, and the rigors of a Canadian climate against which it was not so easy to protect oneself in those early days, he is passing, in feeble health, a quiet life with his family in Logan where for years he presided over Cache stake.

When he bids a final goodbye to his family and friends, many good things will be said of him, people in Cardston will bow their heads in grateful appreciation of a man who has been to them a public benefactor. They will hold memorial services and recount early hardships and tell of early friendships which death can neither sever nor obliterate. Strange, to speak of

a man's funeral while he yet lives; but President Card is one of those men who will really never die.

In the Alberta stake, President Card was succeeded by President Heber S. Allen, a merchant by instinct and training. Through him the people showed their ability to grasp business problems, as well as problems of soil and cattle. His administration was short in the Alberta stake whose rapid growth made a division necessary, and he was asked to preside over the Taylor stake. President Allen was in turn succeeded by Elder Edward J. Wood, who like his predecessor is also a merchant, and a man who in the words of the poet, "sees good in every thing." I never before really knew what it was to feel comfortable in a Canadian blizzard, warm when the thermometer goes 40 degrees below zero, good natured in a cloud of dust, happy after a hail storm, and cheerful in a drought till I met President Wood. What a happy faculty!

The political institutions of Canada, though somewhat different from those of the United States, are quite as liberal. The Canadians have their conservative and liberal parties. The Mormons quite generally became citizens of their adopted



CARDSTON, LOOKING NORTH.

country. Southern Alberta has two representative districts, one called Cardston, the other Lethbridge. John W. Woolf is a member of the provincial parliament for Alberta from Cardston district. It is a fitting compliment to the son of a pioneer. I have never been able to tell in Canada, with anything like accuracy, the difference between a liberal and a conservative, and am inclined to believe the difference in the word party must be sought for rather in the accent than in the spelling.

"What about the climate in Canada? Isn't it dreadfully cold?" is the very com-

mon inquiry of those who would like to know something of the country. Coming along on the train a year ago, I overheard a stranger asking a man across the aisle what kind of a climate southern Alberta had. "I don't know, sir. I have lived here only fourteen years, and never saw any two years alike," was the somewhat humorous reply. Two nights ago when I went to bed one would not have supposed a storm was within a thousand miles of Cardston. At one o'clock next morning

it was raining, at six there was a blizzard and flying snow. Sometime ago one old gentleman was accosted on the street by a friend from Utah who wanted to know how long he had been in Canada. "Well," was his droll reply. "I have wintered here two summers and summered here one winter."

The climate is certainly fitful; but as a rule, they have good warm summers that are often quite as oppressive as they are in middle Utah, though now and then it may become quite chilly. The winters are a combination of spring and excessive cold.



NORTH END OF MAIN STREET, CARDSTON.

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As a rule, the extreme cold is not of long duration. When the thermometer has been down from 25 to 40 below zero and then rises to zero, people throw off their overcoats as if spring had come. It is not the cold that really plays havoc with one's comfort, it is the wind, one of the best friends Canada has. Like everything else in Canada, the wind also has two sides. Fully one half of the atmospheric movements are both exhilarating and agreeable.



The best conditions of Alberta's climate have no parallel in the climate of any land it has been my good fortune to know. The "beautiful" weather is refreshing beyond comparison; and this charm in Canadian springs and falls is not merely the result of contrast. One coming from the most perfect weather of Utah to the most perfect weather of southern Alberta comes from a positive to a superlative spring. The climate with all its extremes is exceedingly healthy and people bear witness quite generally to the improved condition of their health in Cardston.

The country abounds in coal. When the

first settlers came to Canada, they found coal in small quantities up Lee's Creek about three miles. At present, however, they get their coal from Lethbridge mines about 50 miles distant, at a cost of \$4.80 per ton. From all I can learn, no more coal is burnt here per family during a winter than in Salt Lake City. The houses are almost entirely frame, though of late, brick is coming into use. Lumber costs about \$22.50 per thousand. Prices generally are not greatly different from those that prevail in Utah. Meat, wheat, butter, eggs, are cheaper, while clothing is about the same.

## TWO DREAMS.

Two dreams came down to earth one night  
From the realm of mist and dew;  
One was a dream of the old, old days,  
And one was a dream of the new.

One was a dream of a shady lane,  
That led to the pickerel pond,  
Where the willows and rushes bowed themselves  
To the brown old hills beyond.

And the people that peopled that old-time dream  
Were pleasant and fair to see,  
And the dreamer he walked with them again,  
As often of old walked he.

Oh, cool was the wind in the shady lane  
That tangled his curly hair!  
Oh, sweet was the music the robins made  
To the spring time everywhere!

Was it the dew the dream had brought  
From yonder midnight skies,  
Or was it tears from the dear, dead years  
That lay in the dreamer's eyes?

The other dream ran fast and free,  
As the moon benignly shed  
Her golden grace on the smiling face  
In the little trundle bed.

For 'twas a dream of times to come—  
Of the glorious noon of day—  
Of the summer that follows the careless  
spring,  
When the child is done with play.

And 'twas a dream of the busy world,  
Where valorous deeds are done;  
Of battles fought in the cause of right,  
And of victories nobly won.

It breathed no breath of the dear, old home,  
And the quiet joys of youth;  
It gave no glimpse of the good, old friends,  
Or the old-time faith and truth.

But 'twas a dream of youthful hopes,  
And fast and free it ran,  
And it told to a little sleeping child  
Of a boy become a man!

These were the dreams that came one night  
To earth from yonder sky;  
These were the dreams two dreamers  
dreamt—  
My little boy and I.

And in our hearts my boy and I  
Were glad that it was so;  
He loved to dream of joys to come,  
And I of the long ago.

So from our dreams my boy and I  
Unwillingly awoke,  
But neither of these precious dreams  
Unto the other spoke.

Yet of the love we bore those dreams  
Gave each his tender sign—  
For there was triumph in *his* eye,  
And there were tears in *mine*.

## ALL THE BIRDS HAVE COME AGAIN.

Music by Joseph Ballantyne.

*Allegro.*

1. All the birds have come a - gain, Come a - gain to meet us,  
2. See how gai - ly one and all, To and fro are spring - ing!  
3. What they teach us in their song, We must e'er be learn - ing;

And a joy - ous song they raise, Chirp - ing, singing mer - ry lays,  
As their chant - ing meets the ear, Voic - es sweet I seem to hear,  
Let us ev - er cheer - ful be, As the birds up - on the tree,

Pleasant springtime, hap - py days, Now re - turn to greet us,  
Wishing us a hap - py year, Bless - ings with it bring - ing.  
Wel - com - ing so joy - ous - ly, Ev - ery spring re - turn - ing.



# EDITORIAL THOUGHTS

SALT LAKE CITY, - - MAY 15, 1906

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Entered at Post Office, Salt Lake City, as Second-Class Matter.

## QUOTING OTHERS.



QUOTATIONS are often a fruitful source of evil and give rise to misunderstandings that alienate and even destroy confidence. A quotation serves the highest purposes in giving a reputable authority to our views and in giving a wide circulation to expressions that are elevating and helpful. Like many other things that have a high mission in life, quotations may be instruments of evil when falsely applied or maliciously used and distorted. It is always extremely aggravating to have one's words quoted in a manner not warranted by the subject to which they originally had reference; but it is doubly so when people assume to give "substantially" what was said in such a way as to put one quoted in a false or ri-

diculous light. People who take liberties with the utterances of their fellow-man should do so with the most scrupulous intention of being both exact and fair. To improperly or wrongly quote another is a grievous fault, and it may be actually sinful. False quotations manifest not only a malicious intent, but they often reveal a cowardly nature; for men sometimes throw on to others sentiments they are unwilling to make wholly their own.

The evils arising from false quotations are most strongly accentuated when they betray an unfriendly or malicious bearing toward those whose alleged words are repeated. Whenever one detects selfish or revengeful motives or unfriendly feelings, he should at once make allowances that cover both errors of the mind and of the heart. When we give a friendly ear to "quotations" from those whose general character we know to be at variance with the words quoted, we betray not alone our own hostility to him who has been injured, but also our own want of integrity. The evil tendency to false quotations is encouraged by the disposition on the part of those who hear them to give them a friendly reception. Again, there are those who hear them without the courage to correct or rebuke.

In trying times, or personal misfortunes, men often suffer from the malicious and sensational conduct of their fellows whose unworthy natures fit them both to receive and dispense falsehoods in what would seem to be the respectable garb of "quotations." Men must first be true to themselves, honest, charitable, and chaste, before they can be sincerely true to their fellows. It is the truth that is within which enables us to distinguish between truth and



falsehood. A sinful nature is always responsive to its kindred and sympathetic with its own. To quote people falsely therefore is often a "respectable" way of slandering them. Men whose duty it is to be judges in Israel and to pass upon the worthiness of those acting in, or selected for responsible callings should live so that they be not imposed upon by evil designing and crafty men.

Aside from the positive and malicious evil to be found in false quotations, they are often a source of endless mischief. They weaken and sometimes destroy friendship and confidence. Sensitive natures are pained not alone by the repetition of words falsely accredited to them, but by the misapplication of what they have said. Under pretense of quoting one literally, it is always cowardly and mean to make use of synonyms and thereby assume that although the words are not the same, they have "practically" the same meaning. Again, there is the more innocent practice of attributing to others remarks of a witty or humorous character. Such a practice assumes that the person quoted is capable of just such humor or wit. Quotations of that description often represent men in an undignified manner. We have no right to take advantage of some personal peculiarity in making men comical oddities.

In concluding, the Saints may be admonished that those ever ready with quotations from others should with perfect propriety be made the objects of distrust by their fellow-men. Reckless quotations are the first steps taken toward the home of a lying spirit. Besides, knowingly false quotations are often the worst form of lying, since they always carry with them intended injury to someone. Those prone to quoting words of others should question most seriously such a practice; for it is almost certain that they would be safer to assume themselves the full responsibility of all they wish to say. If the words one quotes

would belittle another, one should be scrupulously exact and charitable before venturing to speak them.



#### WHY NOT BE A NURSE?

MANY a young woman in our communities, with great and commendable ambition to work and accomplish good in the world, is burdened with a longing desire to know what her calling really is, or to what useful employment she could best apply her talents.

While there are many fields open in which all such may find opportunities for valuable labor, there is probably none at the present time wherein good, efficient help is more needed than that of the trained nurse. And there is certainly no more noble or praiseworthy calling, not any that will win more true respect, gratitude and love from suffering fellow mortals who become recipients of the well-trained, skilful nurse's angelic ministry.

The office of a nurse admits of continual progression in most important educational lines. For instance, the study of human nature, one of the higher branches of education, is constantly before her. And no mission to which a young woman may apply her services requires more earnest study for self-development and discipline than that of the hospital nurse.

Submissive obedience to the directions of superior officers, scrupulous neatness, patience, cheerfulness, quickness of perception, energy and tact for doing her work without fuss or noise are leading virtues which, to become a fully successful nurse, must be carefully cultivated. And the acquisition of these, with many other qualities to be sought for, could not fail to make a woman better prepared for any other occupation which she might desire to pursue later. Above all, the practical training of a nurse best fits a woman for

the responsibilities of wifehood and motherhood, which, if there were nothing more in it, is a most desirable end.

In the Dr. Groves' Latter-day Saints Hospital there has been a lack of suitable nurses. It is hoped by friends and sup-

porters of the institution that this will be remedied in the future, by many of our young women availing themselves of the opportunities which are now afforded for such training and preparing for and filling these positions.

## PARENTS' DEPARTMENT.

### ENVIRONMENT OF THE ORDINARY CHILD

#### IN UTAH.—HOME. (Continued.)

B. What should be taught in the home.

1. Love.

(a) Love of God.

1. "Love is an image of God"—Luther.

2. "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength."—Mark 12: 30.

3. "If a man love me, he will keep my words; and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him and make our abode with him."—John 14: 23.

4. "Love is the greatest thing that God can give us, for himself is love; and it is the greatest thing we can give to God."—Jeremy Taylor.

(b) Love of parents and kindred.

1. "Love and you shall be loved."—Emerson.

2. "If a child love its parents it will keep their commandments."

3. "Love makes obedience lighter than liberty."—R. W. Alger.

4. "I know no better augury of a young man's future than true filial devotion. Next to the love of God, this is the noblest emotion."—Davidson.

5. "If there be one thing pure, and that can endure when all else passes away, it is a mother's love—Spardara.

6. "Better is a dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith."—Prov. 15: 17.

(c) Love of humanity.

1. "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."—Mark 12: 31.

2. "Love one another as I have loved you."—John 13: 34.

3. "If nobody loves you, be sure it is your own fault."—Doddridge.

4. "Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you."—Matt. 5: 44.

5. "We never know how much one loves, till we know how much he is willing to endure and suffer for us"—Beecher.

6. "If thou neglectest thy love to thy neighbor, in vain thou professest thy love to God."—Quarles.

(d) Love of country.

1. Means readiness to sacrifice for the country we love.

2. "Love of country is one of the loftiest virtues."—A. E. Storrs.

3. "The noblest motive is the public good."—Virgil.

4. "Whene'er our country calls, friends, sons and sires should yield their treasure up, nor own a sense beyond the public safety."—Brooke.

5. Be just and fear not; let all the ends thou aimest at be thy country's, thy God's, and truth's."—Shakespeare.

6. "Lives there a man with soul so dead  
Who never to himself has said:

"This is my own, my native land?"

—Scott.

(e) Love of God's creations.

1. "In contemplation of created things by steps we ascend to God."—Milton.

2. "The man who can really converse with God through nature finds in the material forms around him a source of power and happiness inexhaustible."—Cheever.

3. "All nature bears the imprint of its Divine Creator."

4. Eternity and immortality are proved by nature.

5. The sprouting of even a blade of grass is of itself a symbol and promise of the resurrection.

6. Consider the lilies of the field, for Solomon in all his glory was never arrayed as one of them.

7. How much are we indebted to the falling apple for revealing the law of gravitation?

8. Observe the industrious little ant, and increase your love for patient labor.

9. Electricity causes the human voice to be heard a thousand miles away, transmits our messages around the world, illuminates our homes and cities, and carries us to our daily work.

10. Nature is beautiful, always beautiful! Every little flake of snow is a perfect crystal."—Mrs. L. M. Child.

11. "The laws of nature are but the thoughts and agencies of God—the modes in which He works and carries out the designs of His providence and will."—Tyron Edwards.

(f) That envy, jealousy and hatred destroy happiness.

1. Envy.

1. Envy is a moral canker, which, if encouraged, like an acid will burn out all the finer and nobler emotions.

2. "Envy is a passion so full of cowardice and shame, that nobody ever had the confidence to own it."—Rochester.

3. "Envy, like the worm, never runs but to the fairest fruit."—Beaumont.

4. "Base envy withers at another's joy, and hates the excellence it cannot reach."—Thomson.

5. "Envy always implies conscious inferiority wherever it resides."—Pliny.

6. "As a moth gnaws a garment, so doth envy consume a man."—Chrysostom.

## II. Jealousy.

1. "Oh, beware of jealousy; it is the green-eyed monster, which doth mock the meat it feeds on."—Shakespeare.

2. "Of all passions, jealousy is that which enacts the hardest service, and pays the bitterest wages."—Colton.

3. "Jealousy sees things always with magnifying glasses, which makes little things large, of dwarfs, giants; of suspicions, truths."—Cervantes.

4. "The jealous man poisons his own banquet, and then eats it.

5. Trifles light as air, are to the jealous confirmations strong as proofs of holy writ."—Shakespeare.

6. "Jealousy, though it may be procured by love, as ashes are by fire, yet it extinguishes love, as ashes smother the flame."—Margaret of Navarre.

7. "Jealousy is the sister of love, as the devil is the brother of angels."—Boufflers.

## III. Hatred.

1. "Hatred is the madness of the heart."—Byron.

2. "Hatred is active, and envy passive dislike; there is but one step from envy to hate."—Goethe.

3. "Malice can always find a mark to shoot at, and a pretense to fire."—Simmons.

4. "Hate hypocrisy, cant, intolerance, oppression, injustice, Pharisaism; hate them as Christ hated them—with a deep, abiding, God-like hatred."—Robertson.

5. "Hate no one; hate their vices, not themselves."—Brainard.



## LETTERS TO MY BOY.

### VII.

*My dear son:*

IN this letter I want to say something to you about cleanliness as a habit. Boys at your age may be led to think that if they clean up for Sunday, or for some special occasion, that means cleanliness, especially if they wash their faces and hands mornings or at meal times, and comb their hair once a day. I do not mean by the habit of cleanliness what boys do to meet the demands of society and the customs of the home. There is something about cleanliness as a habit that is of special value to the life of a boy. In the first place, I may say that cleanliness includes not alone your body and your clothing, but all your belongings, and especially does it relate to your habits and manners.

One of the most important things for you to learn is that cleanliness consists as much in keeping away from dirt as it does in its removal. One might easily imagine that some boys are so constituted that dirt always comes their way.

Now in order to acquire the habit of cleanliness, you should educate your feelings so that which savors of dirt is displeasing to you and that which is cleanly is pleasurable. Learn to think appreciatingly of objects that are free from a mixture of filth of any kind. Cultivate an admiration for that which is beautiful and pure.

Cleanliness not only adds greatly to one's comfort, but it promotes one's health; and when cleanliness becomes a permanent condition of one's life, it is an aid both to the body and the mind. You may wonder how one's mind can in any way be affected by cleanly habits. I may explain to you that the feelings constitute the soil in which the intellect grows, so that in time one comes to think very

much as one feels; and if the feelings are deadened and confused by uncleanness and disorder, the mind will suffer as a consequence. Again, orderly ways of thinking are akin to orderly ways of doing things, and good order is a part of cleanliness.

Another important thing to be remembered about cleanly habits is that they should extend from our persons to our belongings. In the first place, be scrupulously careful about the cleanliness of your clothing. It may be poor and of inferior quality, but it should never be needlessly dirty, not even the clothing that you use when at work on the farm or in the orchard. Some people imagine that any kind of clothing is good enough for what they call working purposes, and they appear very untidy in the fields and in the shops as a consequence of this false notion.

Of course, it is true that one cannot be so clean, perhaps, on a week day as on a Sunday, but that does not mean that one is justified in going about during the week in a slovenly manner as boys sometimes do. In that event, cleanliness on the Sabbath day is merely an incident and not a habit.

As you grow to manhood you will learn that the estimation in which you are held by others will depend largely upon your personal appearance. You cannot disregard a general public sentiment which demands a good personal appearance; and if you would have your appearance pleasing to others, you must give special attention to many little details that relate to the care of your body. If you are careful about your ears and teeth and finger nails, and those points of cleanliness that are not always so noticeable, your appearance will be generally improved as a consequence.

Sometimes people have the queer notion

that if they are tidy and clean about their persons others will imagine that they are vain, but the worst kind of vanity I know of is that which makes people odd in their appearance and slovenly in their habits, just to be unlike others and to become the objects of notice by them. It is sometimes said that a boy with a clean hat and polished shoes can be trusted to keep his other clothing in proper condition.

The trouble is with many boys, that they are clean just where they think their person and clothing will be noticed when they are in public places. Learn, therefore, to enjoy cleanliness for its own sake. Be the first to criticise your own untidy appearance, and if you will cultivate the habit of cleanliness for your own enjoyment, you will always look well in the presence of others.

## A CURIOUS CONVERSION

DESIRING to hunt up some old Mormons that the ancient mission records located near Tula, President H. S. Harris and Elder A. L. Taylor took train for that place. As the country was new to them and the people strangers, they could only rely upon the Spirit of the Lord to dictate and to guide them to the right place. Accordingly they alighted at a town called Nopalo, and began what proved to be a six-mile walk. At its termination they arrived in a little town named San Sabastian, and found a rather wealthy and influential man named Jose Yañes, who, with other members of his family, had been baptized many years before.

He treated them very coolly at first, but after conversing with him for some time, he warmed up, rubbed his old, stiff hands together, and invited them to remain and partake of his hospitality.

Among other things, he told them of the conversion of his mother, about as follows:

"Shortly after the arrival of the first Mormon Elders in Mexico, my mother had a dream, in which it was manifested to her that in the City of Mexico were some men publishing a pamphlet called '*Voz del que Clama en el Desierto*,' and that this tract contained information highly important to her spiritual welfare.

"The following day she sent me to the city to find these men and to bring her a copy of the paper.

"I searched unsuccessfully for two days, then sat down in the Alameda somewhat discouraged, to decide what to do. A man came and sat down by me. In the conversation that followed between us, he said there were some men in Hotel San Carlos who were publishing a pamphlet by that name. This strengthened my faith, for I admit that I did not expect to find either men or paper.

"I went to the hotel, and was received kindly by the Elders, who informed me, unasked, that the literature I sought was at hand. To test their faith and knowledge, I denied being in search of any literature and told them that my mother had been dead many years.

"The Elders replied, that it all had been made known to them; that my mother was living; that she was a descendant of Guatemozine, who succeeded Montezuma II. as ruler of the Aztecs; and further, that she would be the first woman to embrace the Gospel and be baptized in Mexico.

"I then accepted the literature and returned home. When my mother saw me coming she ran to meet me, her face radi-

ant with joy. She said, 'You found the men; let me have the pamphlet.'

"Desiring to test her still further—for I was still skeptical—I said, 'You were mistaken, mother: there are no such men and no such pamphlet in all Mexico.'

"Her countenance fell and she looked very much disappointed as she said, 'You are trying to deceive me. In a dream I

saw you talking to the men, and I saw you receive the literature.' Then I gave it to her.

"After very carefully reading the papers brought her, she sent me to the city again, this time to bring the Elders. They returned with me and baptized her according to their vision."

*Lexia Harris.*

## ORIGINAL AND SELECTED POEMS.

### GOLDEN WEDDING.

Tell me, Rachel, now I pray,  
Have I been a lover true?  
Fifty years have passed away  
Since I pledged my love to you.

Started on the bottom rail,  
House nor furniture had we;  
We were on ascending scale,  
For no lower could we be.

If we moved we had to rise,  
Lower down we could not go;  
Had no larder nor supplies,  
But our hearts were all aglow.

Utah then was virgin soil,  
Waiting for the spade and plow;  
We were not afraid to toil,  
We have toiled along till now.

Had no cow to give us milk;  
Had no pigs within the sty,  
Had no dresses made of silk,  
Had short rations, you and I.

Oft of weeds we made a meal,  
Sometimes beet tops helped the stew;  
Oft a weakness we would feel,  
Waiting till the harvest grew.

Wrinkles furrow thy fair brow,  
Silver threads among thy hair;  
Thou art not as active now,  
Trials thou hast had thy share.

Eyes are not so full and bright,  
And thy motion is more slow;  
But I love thee more tonight  
Than in fifty years ago.

Not but what I loved thee then;  
Thou wert always dear to me;  
Now I pledge my love again,  
Now it's for eternity.

We were then in youthful prime,  
Little worldly wealth we had;  
But with faith and love sublime,  
Why should not our hearts be glad?

Many sons and daughters now,  
All to men and women grown,  
Live to bless our lot below  
Better than a kingly crown.

Fifty years I've called thee wife;  
Joyous be thy years to come,  
Peace and plenty crown thy life,  
Angels guard us safely home.

*W. W. Burton.*

March 28, 1906.

### MY CHILD AND THINE.

The long day ends. My little weary child  
Comes confidently to my sheltering arms,  
And nestles on my bosom restfully,  
The long, dark night has for her no alarms.

My Father, when earth's day is done for me,  
May my soul rest confidently on Thee.

The dainty dress was torn,—shoes stained with mud,  
From paths forbidden to her straying feet.  
I could not punish, for her tears fell fast  
Her sorrow and repentance seemed complete.

When my feet stray, oh, Father, Friend and God,  
Accept my tears and spare the chastening rod



she not mine? and so I understand,  
Her wayward moods—the spring of her desires.

When patience should be given, long drawn out,  
And quick response to earth's celestial fires.

When I am wayward, stretch out mercy's hand,  
Thou art my Father and will understand.

There is no thought between us as she sleeps,  
Of strife that marked the passing of the day,  
I smile, remembering but the dear, sweet things  
The hands or lips have found to do or say.

Bury my sins oh, Father, fathoms deep,  
When on thy bosom I shall fall asleep.

*Ellen Jakeman.*



### O LORD, BE NEAR!

When earthly friendship fades away,  
As human friendships will decay,  
I call on God with anguished tear—  
My Lord, be near!

When foes surround me to oppress,  
When naught appears but sore distress,  
When man within me quakes with fear,  
O Lord, be near!

For I am weak, a swaying leaf,  
And know not much—'tis but belief  
That shapes my acts and stirs me here:  
O Lord, be near!

Man boasts of strength, and yet his power  
Is weakness in the tempest's hour,  
A prey to sin's alluring leer,  
Save God be near.

As sun and showers bring forth the grain,  
So pleasant hours and fiercest pain  
My soul may shape for heaven's sphere;  
O Lord, be near!

When life's great pilgrimage is o'er,  
And I cross to the mystic shore,  
And safely into harbor steer,  
O Lord, be near.

*H. H. Petersen.*



### THE ANGEL'S PROMISE.

The sculptor wrought on the marble white  
From early dawn till the shades of night

Fell o'er the landscape far and wide,  
Then he looked at his work and sadly sighed,  
So poor and incomplete it seemed  
Beside the model of which he dreamed.  
But all his hopes were centered there—  
His days of toil, his nights of care;  
And now he thought, with a throb of pain,  
That all his labor had been in vain;  
For none would see in the work achieved  
The grand ideal his soul conceived.  
A prayer burst forth from his sorrowing breast  
"O God," he cried, "I have done my best!"  
That night an angel, in mercy sent,  
Over that marble figure bent;  
And as he worked the statue grew  
More beautiful and fair to view;  
For every stroke to form and face  
Added some new and subtle grace.

The sculptor came in the early morn,  
With heavy heart and looks forlorn;  
But his eyes were dazzled, his brain distraught,  
By the wonderful change the night had wrought;  
With rapturous joy his bosom swelled  
As the glorious image his eyes beheld;  
And there on the wall, just over his head,  
In letters of gold these words he read:  
"When the workman hath wrought the best he  
could,  
Whatever the work, God makes it good."

*Selected.*



### OPEN THE DOOR OF YOUR HEART.

Open the door of your heart, my lad,  
To the angel of love and truth,  
When the world is full of unnumbered joys,  
In the beautiful dawn of youth.  
Casting aside all things that mar,  
Saying to wrong, "Depart!"  
To the voices of hope that are calling you,  
Open the door of your heart.

Open the door of your heart, my lass,  
To the things that shall abide,  
To the holy thoughts that lift your soul  
Like the stars at eventide,  
All of the fadeless flowers that bloom  
In the realms of song and art  
Are yours, if you'll only give them room,  
Open the door of your heart.

Open the door of your heart, my friend,  
Heedless of class or creed,

When you hear the cry of a brother's voice,  
The sob of a child in need.  
To the shining heaven that o'er you hends

You need no map or chart,  
But only the love that the Master gave.  
Open the door of your heart.

*Selected.*

## HOW I OBTAINED A TESTIMONY FROM THE LORD.

IN 1856 I crossed the plains in Captain Edward Bunker's handcart company. We got along very well until we ran short of flour; our rations being a quarter of a pound of flour per day without trimmings. Being young and healthy, I became very weak, and I prayed to the Lord that I might die; but my prayers were not answered. One day, about this time, there came an old buffalo past our camp; we killed him and I being very hungry ate some of the meat while it was warm. This nearly killed me. I was so sick I had to leave my cart and walk behind the company.

All at once a voice spoke to me and said "Samuel are you here?" I said, "Yes, I am here," and turned to see who it was that spoke to me, but saw no one. This set me to thinking what I was here for, and what I was going to Utah for. I wanted to know if the Gospel was true, and if the Father and the Son did appear to Joseph Smith and reveal it to him, and if Brigham Young was his lawful successor. If so, I wanted to see when I got to Salt Lake City that halo of light around the head of President Young that we see in pictures around

the head of the Savior. While this train of thought was passing through my mind I had caught up with the company, feeling quite well, as my sickness had left me. We soon after met a team from Salt Lake City with some flour for us; so we got along all right during the rest of the journey. We arrived in Salt Lake City on the 5th of October. The next morning, it being Conference, I went to meeting in the old Bowery, and took my seat about the middle of the building. The people were coming in "pretty lively." I was watching to see if there was any one that I knew, but saw no one. Then on looking toward the stand I saw President Young there with the rays of light around his head as I had asked to see while on the plains, and the same rays seemed to faintly encircle the brethren on each side of him. Then the same voice that spoke to me on the plains, said to me plainly: "Now Samuel if ever you apostatize, here is your condemnation." I looked around me to see if any of the people heard the voice, but I thought they did not. This has ever since been a very valuable testimony to me.

*Samuel P. Orton.*

## THE BRIGHT SPOT.

When Maw's sick I'm so lonesome!  
I don't know what to do;  
I have to tiptoe round the house  
'Nd talk in whispers too.

When Maw's sick all the fellers,  
They have ter stay away.  
I can't keep still nor make a noise,  
Nor whistle, sing or play.

When Maw's sick things don't taste the same,  
'Nd no desserts nor pie.  
The cook she looks at me so cross,  
'Nd paw's so snappy. My!

When Maw's sick nawthin' seems quite right,  
Essept the doctor. He  
Just comes and goes. 'Nd every time  
He smiles and winks at me.

*The Reader.*

## IN GOOD STANDING.

WHEN a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints wishes to go to the Temple and receive his endowments it is necessary to have a recommend from the Bishop of the ward where he resides, certifying that he is a member of the Church in his ward in good standing and full fellowship and as such is recommended for the blessings of the House of the Lord. It is also understood he must hold the Melchisedek Priesthood, having been ordained an Elder, after magnifying the Aaronic Priesthood. The ordinances in the House of the Lord are sacred. They are only for the Saints of God, members of His Church who are in good standing and full fellowship, righteous men and women who love the truth and keep the commandments. These sacred endowments are for believers who manifest their faith by their works and their integrity to the everlasting Gospel. They are not for unbelievers or for those who profess to be members of the Church of Christ but who manifest by their spirit of fault finding, lack of works and indifference to their duties that they only profess.

It is impossible for any one to be a member of the Church of Christ in good standing and full fellowship and not manifest it by his or her spirit and works. For the spirit of Christ and the spirit of the world are so opposite that there is no mistaking the one for the other. To be in good standing and full fellowship is to love God, our Creator, with all our heart, might, mind and strength and our neighbor as ourself, to love righteousness and hate iniquity. It is to trust in the Lord and do good and acknowledge His hand in all things. We must have faith, hope and charity and love our fellow-beings, be prayerful and in all things give thanks; attend to our duties, uphold and sustain the servants of God in their grave responsibilities by our faith and prayers, for they need it, and be valiant for the testimony of Jesus, which testimony

all faithful Saints enjoy who have the fellowship of the Holy Ghost. To be in good standing and full fellowship is to be honest, upright and full of love, to be natural, free from duplicity and deceit, to be useful in our day and generation by magnifying the Aaronic and Melchisedek Priesthoods, as we have opportunity, being willing and obedient and keeping the commandments according to the covenant we made with the Lord at the waters of baptism, when we promised to serve Him and keep His commandments.

It is the only way in which we can demonstrate we love God when we keep His commandments and do His will. The only way we can be members of the Church of Jesus Christ in good standing and full fellowship is by keeping His commandments and being in harmony with all the principles of the everlasting Gospel, and it is the only way by which we can *know* this Gospel is true. To obtain this knowledge we have to do the will of the Father to know of the doctrine. The conditions of the Gospel are simple and easy to be understood, if we want to know; or there would not be so dreadful a penalty for rejecting them, "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned." We must love righteousness and have the law of God in our hearts. Then we need not fear the reproach of men or be afraid of their revilings.

We could not be in good standing as an unbeliever, a fault finder, a backbiter, or a false witness that speaketh lies, or one that soweth discord among brethren, or one that robs the Lord in tithes and offerings.

We are told that "a proud look, a lying tongue, and hands that shed innocent blood, a heart that deviseth wicked imaginations, feet that be swift in running to mischief," are an abomination unto the Lord (Proverbs, vi. 16 to 19). We could hardly expect to meet such persons pretending to



have any standing in the Church of Christ unless they were overcome by the power of Satan and deny the truth after having received it.

It is something greatly to be desired to be a member of the Church of Jesus Christ in good standing and full fellowship, and to walk in the light. It is our only safety.

For then we are prepared to fulfill any position that the Lord may call us to fulfill in any dispensation of His providence. Because we are the Lord's own. We sustain Him and His cause and are looking for His coming and the establishment of His kingdom. It is good to be a Saint in very deed.

*Uncle George.*

## THE RETURN OF THE JEWS.

ONE day not long ago over eleven thousand immigrants landed in New York, and it was mentioned as a curious fact that very few of them were Jews. The Jews driven out of Russia are by no means all coming to America; a multitude of them are going to Palestine. The Turkish Government has tried hard to keep foreign Jews out of the land, but many considerations combine to thwart the purposes of that Government, and the laws making the purchase of land by Jewish immigration societies difficult in Palestine are evidently a dead letter. According to latest reports from Jerusalem immense stretches of country in the fertile plains of Jezreel now belong to the Jews. In Galilee at least three-fifths of the country belongs to the same people. It is almost a daily occurrence that the Jewish tenants of rich Jewish Pashas crowd out the Arabic agriculturalist. It is confidently announced that the number of Jews who have returned to Palestine in recent years is greater than the entire number who returned from the

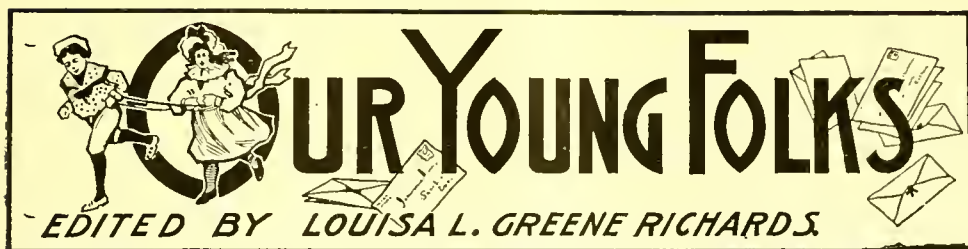
Babylonian captivity, and now has almost attained the total of one hundred thousand. The "*Hilfsverein*" of the German Jews is particularly active in this work, especially in the establishment of schools. Its most recent foundation of this sort is a higher educational institution which is to solve the problem of a uniform international pronunciation of the Hebrew tongue. This is likely to mean ultimately the substitution of the old Hebrew for Yiddish, for already Hebrew is a living and spoken as well as a written language. The prophecies which have seemed to anticipate the return of the Jews to Palestine may prove to have the power to create their own fulfilment, and we may yet see a Hebrew commonwealth in Palestine, which will hold its own against the jealous rivalries of Russia, France, and Germany to seize the succession to the Turkish rule; for the claim of the house of David to the temple hill of Zion is older than the Christian claim to the Holy Sepulchre.

*Independent.*

## THE BIRD'S SONG.

Listen, my boy; I've a word for you,  
And this is the word: Be true! be true!  
At work or at play, in darkness or light,  
Be true, be true, and stand for the right.

List, little girl, I've a word for you;  
'Tis the very same: Be true! be true!  
For truth is the sun and falsehood the night.  
Be true, little maid, and stand for the right.



Address: Mrs. L. L. Greene Richards, 160 C Street, Salt Lake City, Utah.

## THE BOY SHOEMAKER OF BERRYVILLE.

XXXI.

Never betray the trust of a friend,  
Though to hold it may cost you dear;  
It will pay, if but to this great end,  
That you keep your conscience clear.

"An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth,"  
Was old Israel's justice cry;  
But honor is honor, and truth is truth,  
And ere you would part with them—die!

Yes, die like a hero, if die you must,  
Ere your pledges be bought or sold,  
Or ere you would barter a sacred trust,  
You have given your promise to hold.

### A Strange Advertisement—Carl is Tempted, but Proves True.

"HEY—hey O—Hetherley—Hetherley—O Shoemaker!"

Carl was walking rapidly along the street towards home, having finished his Saturday business in town. He stopped and turned round as the above call rang after him, and a rude, dirty little news-boy came running up to him.

"Buy a paper, won't you, Hetherley?" said the urchin. The *Berryville Indicator* is full of funny things and good things to-day."

"Yes. I'll buy a paper of you," answered Carl, goodnaturedly. And he gave the boy a nickel, took one of his papers and walked on more leisurely, looking it over as he went. The shoemaker's kindly response brought an answering smile to the grimy face of the little newsboy and a hearty "Thankee, Sir!" as the child skipped away.

A week had passed away since Johnny (that was what the sick young man had

asked the boys to call him) had come to elaim the help and care of Carl and Jem. He was very anxious to get away and go home. Two or three times, after dark, he had tried walking a short distance from the house, but this irritated his wounds and made them more inflamed. So Carl had told him positively he must keep quiet until his wounds were sufficiently healed to admit of his walking the two or three miles, or more, to the water tank, where he could board the train. And by that time, Carl said, encouragingly, he felt sure they would have enough money saved up to get a ticket that would take Johnny to some of his friends, if not to his home.

Carl had stayed at home so closely and worked so steadily during the week that he had heard almost nothing of the outside world, and was glad to look over his paper as he walked along, and learn something of what was going on. He read some of the editorials and glanced at the locals, prominent among which he found this, to him, wonderful notice:

"\$500.00 REWARD.

"For the discovery of John Roder, a man twenty-four years old, fair complexion, tall, and of handsome appearance. Was seen in Berryville last Saturday night, wearing a dark suit of clothes and riding a dark colored horse. Has not been seen or heard from since. Intelligence leading to the discovery of his present whereabouts will be rewarded to the amount of five hundred dollars. Information to be left and reward received at the office of the *Indicator*."

"That's him! My goodness, that's Johnny! Five hundred dollars!"

As Carl said these words aloud, he wheeled around and almost ran in the direction of the printing office. But he soon stopped very suddenly and turned again towards home.

"No!" he said, "I must not tell where Johnny is. I promised him I would not, and I will not, even for all that money. He has a father and mother living, and he told me if his mother should learn of his present condition before he gets home to explain things to her, it would break her heart. They will learn, though, from this notice, that there's something wrong with him. Other papers will copy it--why shouldn't I get that money?"

With this excuse in his mind Carl almost turned toward the printing office again. But again he said emphatically, "I promised I would not tell that Johnny was with us, and I *won't*!"

Then he folded the paper and put it in the top of his basket and quickened his steps towards home, feeling almost as though he had had five hundred dollars, and lost it unnecessarily, but unavoidably. Soon a bright, hopeful thought came to him, and again he talked to himself.

"I will show this notice to Johnny," he said; "and if, as he says, there is nothing for him to be afraid or ashamed of, I can persuade him to let me tell where he is, and get the reward offered. Then I can send him home comfortably at once, tomorrow or even tonight, if he wants to go so soon. I can hire a carriage to take him to the train."

Johnny's surprise over the notice was almost greater than Carl's had been. He read it again and again, and at last he said, "Well, that notice could have been written but by one person in this world, and that is Salvago, the Spaniard."

"Oh no!" said Carl. "What would Salvago publish a notice like that for?"

"Why would you think it was him?" asked Jem.

"It must have been him," answered Johnny, "for no other person knew I rode a dark horse into Berryville last Saturday night. Whatever his purpose may be in advertising in this way, there is no good in it. He may be anxious to know if I am really dead, and to get another chance at me if I am not. Or friends may be enquiring of him about me and he may think it safest for himself to show concern at my disappearance. There is no telling how deep the feeling of revenge may grow into souls like his. And he imagines he has great cause for wreaking hot vengeance on me! He is very rich, so that five hundred dollars would be nothing to him. And he is deceitful and cunning enough to put up any kind of a scheme that he thought would help him to--to bring about a certain object which he is bent on accomplishing. He never shall."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



## THE LETTER-BOX.

### Have Patience.

"Is it happening now, or when did it happen?" is a question sent in by Andrew Meacham, of Lago, Idaho, concerning the story of "The Boy Shoemaker." Wait, Andrew, until the story is finished, when you may be able to judge of its details more to your own satisfaction. You may then decide to take the whole matter simply as a parable.—ED.



### A Pleasant Journey.

GEORGETOWN, IDAHO.

Last summer I went to Brigham City with my papa. We went to get some fruit. The fruit looked very pretty on the trees. We went by the beautiful Bear Lake. We went through Logan Canyon, where there



is lots of beautiful scenery. I am 8 years old.

VIOLA DUNN.

**An Interesting Keepsake.**

TOQUERVILLE, UTAH.

In "Grandmother's Stories of Early Days," printed in last year's JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, it speaks of the celebration of the 24th of July in Big Cottonwood Canyon. My grandfather, Brigham Young Lamb, has a printed invitation to the same celebration that is spoken of in the story.

We have a very nice Sunday School here, and I haven't missed one so far this year. We enjoy reading the JUVENILE very much.

LARUE B. DUFFIN,  
13 years old.

**Likes Sunday School.**

TETON IDAHO.

I have not seen any little letters from Teton, so I will write one. We live two miles from our Sunday School. I like to go and I like my teachers. "Little children, love the Savior," is one of the songs I have learned in Sunday School, and I think it is very nice. I am seven years old.

LAVERE MCKINLAY.

**Improve Your Opportunities.**

EATON, COLORADO.

I am 13 years old. I was born in Provo, Utah, and lived there until I was nine years old, where I could attend Primary and Sunday School. But for the last four years I have been living in Colorado and deprived of these privileges; as we are the only family of Latter-day Saints in Eaton, and the nearest branch of the Church is at Denver. Our whole family belongs to that

branch. The Elders frequently visit us, and Elders Nuttall and Dalling, both of Idaho, meet once a week with us and hold Book of Mormon class, which is very interesting to us, and we have good times together. My little friends, when you have those blessings and privileges of which I have told you I am deprived, you should not neglect them.

MERRILL TURNER.

**Much to be Thankful for.**

LOGAN, UTAH.

I have never written to you before. Our baby is very sick. We pray for him, and he is getting better now.

I have guessed a number of the charades. I like Allie's charade; because I think "Our Baby is the Sweetest Thing in the World." I enjoy the little letters and the stories. Mama is reading to us "The Boy Shoemaker of Berryville." I love my brothers and sisters very much. And I think we should never miss kneeling down and thanking our heavenly Father for all our blessings. If we stop and think a little of our blessings, we find we have lots to be thankful for. I am 9 years old.

Your new friend,

TERESSA JANE BERRY.

**Two Letters from Lewisville.**

I saw a letter in the JUVENILE from Australia, and thought I would write one. I was born in Texas, moved to Iowa. Was baptized into the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints at Spring City, Utah. Lived in Salt Lake City two years, and while I lived there went to school and was in the sixth grade when I left. Since I came to Idaho I have not been going to school, as I live on a farm too far out. This is a fine country. Utah is a fine state, too. We have a fine Sunday School here and a large attendance. I was ordained a

deacon by Bishop Beatie in Salt Lake City.

SAMUEL ALLRED,  
Age 14 years.

As I have not seen many letters from Lewisville I thought I would write one. I am living on a farm so far from the Church and school house, I could not go to school this season. I enjoy Sunday School, but it has been such bad weather I could not go often. They have just finished our ward meeting house, and it is quite nice. I love to read the letters from the other little sisters.

LIZZIE ALLRED,  
Age 12 years.

#### A Baby Welcomed.

WEST PORTAGE, BOX ELDER CO.

Mama reads the little letters to me, and I thought I would see if I could write one. My mama is my teacher in Sunday School, and in day school my teacher is Miss Louie Zundel. There was a little boy baby came to our house on the 30th of March, and we are very proud of him. I am six years old.

BIRDIE JUANITA CONLEY.

#### Never Tired of her Lessons.

CHESTERFIELD, IDAHO.

I have often read the letters in the JUVENILE and thought I would write one. I think this is the coldest part of Idaho. We have snow on the ground yet. I have three brothers and two sisters, and the youngest, a baby girl, was blessed today, April 1, 1906. We always go to Sunday School. I led the concert recitation today, in "The Blessing of the Bread." Our Sunday School has an enrollment of about two hundred. The subject of our class lessons, after testimony, was the life of Jacob. I study music, and ride the pony eight miles to where the music teacher lives. I am

never tired of my lessons. My papa is the Bishop of this ward, and he received an invitation to attend the dedicatory exercises of the monument erected in honor of the Prophet Joseph at Sharon, Vermont, and I have made a pretty card in remembrance of the Prophet Joseph Smith, by placing the pictures of the Prophet Joseph and Patriarch Hyrum Smith on the invitation.

ZOLA CALL.

Age 11 years.

#### Schools and Meetings Closed on account of Sickness.

RAYMOND, ALBERTA, CANADA.

I will write, as I have not seen anything from here. Our Sunday School, Primary, Religion Class and day school have all been closed on account of sickness. But I hope they will soon start again. I enjoy the letters and guess the charades, and think our JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR is just fine. I am ten years old.

JESSIE REDD.

#### Charade.

I have guessed some of the charades and will send one composed of sixteen letters.

1, 9, 3, 5 is a girl's name.

10, 4, 14 most people like.

5, 7, 8, 12, 14 grows on some trees.

10, 8, 4, 12 is a number.

15, 1, 12, 6 is a boy's name.

16, 5, 12 is a part of the body.

6, 13, 5, 10 grows on a tree.

6, 11, 9, 5 is a girl's name.

The whole is a very important gathering among the Latter-day Saints.

I am ten years old and live in Salt Lake City.

IRMA J. ASHTON.

#### MAY SONG.

*From Eliza Cook's Journal.*

Oh, let me bask amid the beams  
That gild the May-day sod,

For I am dreaming happy dreams  
Of Joy and Love and God.

A soft and sunny day like this  
Brings back a thousand things;  
To dance again with Elfin bliss  
In Memory's fairy rings.

As fond Affection's words of might,  
In secret fluid traced,  
Exist unseen, till warmth and light  
Before the scroll are placed;

So do the deep and mystic thoughts  
Of pure devotion start  
Into rich flow, as Nature's glow  
Of sunshine meets my heart.

I hear loud, merry voices come  
Of children out at play,  
The music of that human hum  
Is Earth's first poet lay!

It yields the notes that call me back  
To many a kindred scene,  
When my young steps and my young track  
Were just as gay and green.

I recked not then what fame or gold  
The world might have to give;  
While balls were flung and hoops were  
trolled,  
'Twas boon enough to live.

And while I hear glad shouting now  
From childhood's panting lips,  
As spring rays steal, with radiant brow,  
From winter's dark eclipse;

I find my spirit's hope become  
As gleaming and as vernal,  
For child and flower, with holy power,  
Say, "Beauty is eternal."

So let me bask amid the beams  
That gild the May-day sod,  
For they are bringing happy dreams  
Of Joy, and Love and God.

Children now in every school  
Wish away the weary hours,

Doubly now they feel the rule  
Barring them from buds and flowers;  
How they shout,  
Bounding out  
Lanes and fields to race about.

Now with shrill and wondering shout  
As some new-found prize they pull,  
Prattlers range the fields about  
Till their laps with flowers are full;  
Seated round  
On the ground,  
Now they sort the wonders found.

Now do those in cities pent,  
Laboring life away, confess,  
Spite of all, that life was meant  
To be rife with happiness;  
Hark, they sing,  
Pleasant Spring  
Joy to all was meant to bring.

*Eliza Cook.*

DEAR CHILDREN:—Eliza Cook, the author of the above beautiful poems, also wrote that favorite song, sung all over the world, perhaps,

"Nay! speak no ill, a kindly word," &c.

She was an English poetess, who wrote many well known, favorite songs, among them "The Old Arm Chair." She died many years ago.—ED.

#### DREAMLAND TOWN.

There's a land for all little girls and boys,  
A beautiful, wonderful land,  
Where the houses are filled with the prettiest of  
toys  
Their fancy can demand.  
When the day is dull, and dark, and drear,  
And the rain comes pouring down,  
They shut both their eyes, and off they go,  
To that beautiful, wonderful town.

And there, where the sun is shining bright,  
And the flowers are blossoming gay,  
They ride on their horses, and fly their kites,  
And play with their dolls all day.  
Oh, the wonderful horses that never grow tired!



The dollies that go to sleep!  
Oh, the picture-books, and the balls, and blocks,  
And the dear little brooms that sweep!

Oh, the cakes and candies, and raisins and figs,  
Pop-corn and peanuts too!  
Oh, the puddings and pies of tremendous size,  
And the gingerbread ever new!  
Oh, the birds sing sweet in the Dreamland trees,  
The robins, the gray-birds small,

The whip-poor-will, and the chick-a-dee-dees,  
The swallows, canaries and all!

So little folks all, when asleep you fall,  
Remember, that sharp at eight  
By the Dreamland clock, the Fairies lock  
That wonderful Dreamland gate.  
Then hurrah for Dreamland Town,  
With smiles and never a frown;  
For rich and poor there's a welcome sure  
Hurrah for Dreamland Town!

*Selected.*



### BEDTIME.

Last year my bedtime was at eight,  
And every single night  
I used to wish the clock would wait,  
Or else stay out of sight.  
It always seemed to me  
The next half-hour'd be  
The nicest time of all the day  
If mother would agree.  
But she always shook her head,  
And she sort of jumped and said,  
"Why, it's late—after eight—  
And it's time you were in bed!"

The clock would always do its best  
To sit all quiet there,  
Until I was my comfiest  
In some big easy chair.  
Then its striking would begin,  
And I'd tell my motherkin  
How I'd just begun a chapter, and  
It was so int'restin'—  
And the end was just ahead;  
But she usually said,  
"No, it's late—after eight—  
And it's time to go to bed."

And now my bedtime is ha' past,  
But yet that old clock does  
The same mean trick—it's just as fast  
Or faster than it was.  
Last night it seemed to me  
The next half-hour'd be  
The nicest time of all the day  
If my mother would agree.  
But she smiled and shook her head,  
And she kissed me while she said,  
"Why, it's late—ha' past eight—  
And it's time you went to bed!"

*Selected.*



BED TIME.

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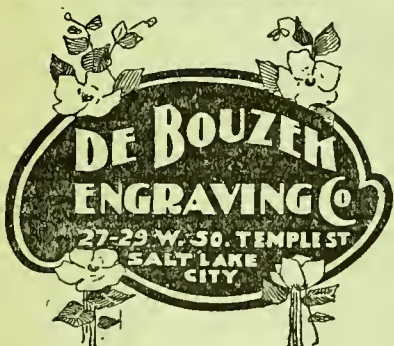


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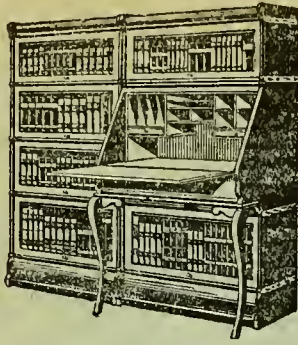
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